

## Seasons of the Heart

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Summary: Fem!Hiccup and Jack one-shot. Jack runs into the autumn spirit, Henrika, and, after a bad first impression and some advice, they slowly grow closer. Jack develops feelings for her that she's rejecting for a reason unknown to the Guardian until he finally corners her about it.

## Seasons of the Heart

**\*\*Hey, it's me again. This is a one-shot request given to me by Pen-Woman (or Nismah on Tumblr) and I think the summary speaks for itself here. \*\***

**\*\*So... if anyone who's waiting on my fics to update, this is one reason I didn't update anything this weekend (along with essays I had to write for school and wrap up this weekend... this was also my procrastination project this week...). I got ideas for this and I had to write them out ASAP because it was all I could think about once I got the request. \*\***

**\*\*But... anyway... I hope you guys like it. :)\*\***

**\* \* \***

><p>Jack had to admit that, once he got used to the whole deal, being a Guardian wasn't as bad as he originally made it out to be. In fact, he loved his job. For twenty years now, he'd been the Guardian of fun and he's loved every moment. Turns out that snowball and fun times really did have a place in being a Guardian after all.<p>

He actually got some pleasure out of his work now, besides that satisfaction of doing the only thing that he really knew how to do for the past three-hundred years. Kids were hearing about him, believing in him now. Nearly everywhere he went now, a small group of children would at least catch a glimpse of him. Some even got the joy

of playing with him, when the young Guardian had enough time on his hands. Hey, giving the world winter isn't as easy as it sounds. It's only as much fun to Jack because he loves the season. It's kind of his life line.

The only real downside that he's encountered so far was that his first group of believers ever was growing up fast. Each year, Jack would return home to Burgess and find Jamie, Sophie, Pippa, all of those kids that put their faith out there and acknowledged that he actually existed—were all young adults now. And one by one, Caleb, Claude, Monty, even Cupcake, stopped believing in him and the other Guardians with age. It was involuntary, of course. But I guess everyone has to grow up at some point. It was at the point where only Jamie could still see the eternal teen clearly in his adult years. Sophie had too lost the magic in her eyes that allowed her to believe in him. And that broke Jack's heart each and every year.

Jack's new life had also become a bit of a schedule. There wasn't as much room to goof off now that people were learning of his true existence and waiting on him to bring chilly winds and snow days. He didn't want to shirk work that he now actually got credit for, so he took on the responsibility with pride.

He had grown accustomed to this free yet structured way of life until, one fateful afternoon, he got bored. So, he decided to start winter earlier than normal in Burgess. Not by much, only two or three weeks sooner than previously planned by Mother Nature (who surprisingly looked kinda like Pitch, for a reason Jack still didn't know). Little did he know that this act out of sheer boredom would alter his eternal life for a long, long time.

The winter spirit swooped down from the cloudy sky he'd dragged with him all the way from the North Pole and shouted out with joy for the first snowfall of the season, taking a great gust of chilled breeze down to the surface with him. He wasn't far over the rooftops of the city's buildings when, out of his slight carelessness, he struck something else in the air with all the force the wind had built up.

Jack clenched his eyes shut and braced for impact with the ground, which materialized as a snowman in the middle of the park. But he also sensed something else. Besides his own painful grunt, he heard a female yelp and—some kind of roar? When he dug himself out of the pile of snow, he shook off the snow and miscellaneous snowman parts from his head and shoulders and went in the direction of the sound.

He raised his staff, just in case something was out to attack him, and lightly stepped through the wooded area of the park. His trail of frost spread across the already dying grass as he wandered about, listening for any more clues as to where the thing he rammed into landed. He got what he asked for when he heard a voice higher than his angrily muttering something in the distance.

The Guardian followed the unclear voice until he saw a giant black mass lying in a semi-cleared spot of forest. And, kicking a nearby rock, was the source of the upset grumbles. A head of messy auburn hair that met her shoulders and a basic outfit of a green shirt, brown furry vest and darker green pants was facing away from Jack. But, upon closer inspection, there were a few things that were more

abnormal about her. Where her long sleeves and the bottom of her shirt ended, leaves colored shades of amber and red protruded and, where a left boot should beâ€¦ there was a prosthetic made of wood and metal.

Well, Jack had never seen her before; that much he knew. He stepped into the tiny clearing hesitantly as her muffled, angry ranting continued. That was when his attention transitioned from the girl, who had still not noticed his presence, to the blob of black that was unfolding itself. Jack noted that it was a large dragon outfitted with a saddle andâ€¦ one red tailfin? The beast poised its striking green eyes at the winter spirit and emitted a low snarl from the back of his throat.

The girl groaned and waved an annoyed hand at the dragon "Toothless, what is it?" She turned and saw Jack behind her.

"Hey," Jack greeted with a lazy wave "You, uhâ€¦ you alright?"

"Yeah, why wouldn't I-" She paused, suddenly thinking something over "You're the moron that crashed into us, aren't you?"

Jack flashed a guilty smile "Yeah, sorry about thatâ€¦"

She looked Jack over and scoffed "Great. Just great. Even better, you're Jack Frost."

"What's so bad about me being Jack Frost?" The Guardian implored.

"You're in charge of winter." The dragon rider stated "You're sneaking in on my season."

"Not by much." Jack defended "Only two weeks."

The girl crossed her arms and glared at him "It's still autumn around here. I intend to keep it that way until winter officially starts."

"Come on," Jack pleaded "you're no fun."

She mounted the dragon, rolling her eyes "Not everything's about fun, Guardian." She nudged Toothless' side and they took off into the sky, a brisk autumn breeze fingering through Jack's hair and waving his hoodie resulting from the ascent.

That was when a question rose in Jack's mind. Who was that girl anyway? And how come he'd never seen her before, especially with her being an autumn spirit? Naturally, you'd think spirits linked to seasons that came one after another would meet at some point, right? Maybe she was new or something. And Jack knew just the person to ask about that detail.

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><p>Just as the sun finally set for the day, Jack returned to North's toy factory for the evening. After becoming a Guardian and having no real place to call home, the Guardian of Wonder opened his home to the lonely spirit. North told him that the reason was because the

life of a drifter with no home was the life of the Jack that was not a Guardian but a boy who was missing something. Now that he'd found that missing center of his, the boy's self-appointed father figure deemed it that he should never be forced to be alone ever again.<p>

It was a great system, really. No more trying to sneak past the yetis, no more nights staring at the building built into ice and thinking of a new scheme to get inside and get a good look around. He even thought a few times about seeing if he was on the Naughty list and, if so, changing it. He didn't need that anymore, now that he was a resident of the North Pole.

But, like all free spirits, Jack came and went as he pleased. He'd sometimes wander the planet for weeks at a time before coming back to open arms and a plate of warm cookies and milk. And other times he would return every night and perch himself on a high beam or, if he really felt like it, he'd sleep in an actual bed for the night. One time, he even slipped out an open window and slept on the roof because he missed the chill of night just a little too much. It was great to have a home, a place he could go to escape his problems or earn a pat on the back for a job well done.

Jack slipped through the factory floor, glancing at the yeti's busily crafting North's latest ideas and answering the requests that the elder man's many, many letters from the children and the elves doing whatever silly thing they had decided to spend their time doing. Whatever those little guys were doing, ever since Jack had moved in, he never fully understood what they were trying to accomplish. But that never stopped him from joining in every once in awhile. Today, though, he had something just a tiny bit more important to do. He had to talk to North about his encounter with the girl and her dragon.

The young Guardian finally made his way from the bustling noise of the toy making stations to the more welcoming sounds on North's laughter and his music blasting. Jack was about to open the door when he remembered North's one rule when he was in his office: to knock first. So that's what Jack did, tapping his staff to the large wooden door and taking a step back.

The music dimmed slightly "Who is there?" North's muffled voice asked.

"It's me." Jack replied "You have time to talk?"

A minute passed before one of the doors opened and the Guardian of Wonder was smiling down at him. "I am never too busy to talk, Jack." He affirmed "Come." He gestured inside and Jack accepted the invitation, North closing the door behind them "Now what is problem?"

"It's more of a question than a problem." Jack clarified.

The giver of wonder stroked his salt and pepper beard "Go on."

"Well," The eternal teen scratched the back of his neck "I decided to start winter a little early in Burgess and-"

North raised an eyebrow "What did you break this time?"

"Nothing, I swear." Jack chuckled "But I wasn't looking where I was going and I crashed into someone. I went to where they landed andâ€¦ there was this girl and a dragon. And she claimed that I was messing with her season or something." North grunted, assuring Jack that he was still listening "Who was she? Do you know?"

"I do." North tapped his chin as he thought "You have encountered a spirit who has been around for quite some time." He explained.

"How long has she been one of us?" Jack asked.

"Eh, she is not Guardian." North shrugged "But she is important. When she was created by Manny, she was chosen in the time of Vikings. As you wield winter, she and her dragon control autumn. I am surprised you two have never met before."

"So am I." Jack agreed "What's her name?"

"Long ago, she went by another name. But now, is Henrika." The old man stated.

"Why'd she change her name?" Jack wondered.

"No one knows but her." North shrugged "Maybe Manny, but is obvious he would."

"Does he also know why she's so uptight?" The younger man bluntly asked.

"What do you mean?" North implored.

"I try to talk to her after we crashed and she gets all moody and flys away." Jack's voice rose slightly, as did his anger.

North smirked "You did crash into her."

"I didn't try to!"

The being of wonder raised a hand and lowered it slightly, signaling Jack to quiet his tone "I know you didn't. Best I can say is try to get on better terms with her. She might try to mess with winter if you don't." He laughed a bit at the last sentence.

"You think?" Jack mumbled, peering up at North to see him nod "Where would she be?"

North smiled.

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><p>A good night's rest and Jack was off through the air once again. Now that he had something to do, besides his now daily rounds of frosty windows, he decided to put off winter in Burgess and took off for the small archipelago that North had pointed him towards the night before. It was so tiny on the factory's globe that the two had to find a magnifying glass just to see the biggest islands in the chain.<p>

This place must have been her home in life because Jack couldn't see much other appeal to someone who was supposedly the embodiment of fall. The place wasn't a long fly from the Pole. In fact, Jack knew this place well. This was the spot that he came to unleash a storm when he was angry or got incredibly bored in the middle of a season that wasn't his own. He spent a lot of time on this chain of over-sized rocks in his centuries of isolation, to the point where they became one of his near year-round customers for the cold. But maybe it was the constant nip that the air had that drew him there in the first place.

Regardless of the reason, Jack enjoyed taking refuge on the islands. That might have been why Henrika decided to live here too. After all, she was probably invisible to the rest of the world. And, with the archipelago being as lowly populated as it was, who would bother her? With a little more thought, it started to make more sense to Jack.

The island that North pointed him towards on the globe was a tiny slab of stone in the center of the chain, smaller than most of the others. He touched down in the remains of what appeared to be a village, and a very old one at that. What was probably Henrika's home in life was now nothing more than dilapidated buildings, piles of burnt carnage and discarded weapons, rusted from centuries upon centuries of moisture from Jack's flurries and the sea surrounding the island.

Jack poked inside every building that she could possibly be hiding in and found not a trace of her or her dragon. He huffed as he stepped out of the largest house of the set, perched on a hill, and floated off, the wind taking him above the trees that had begun to take back the land. He flew over the forest, searching for a blob of black or even a glimmer of her auburn hair. For a while, he turned up with nothing out of the ordinary (or, as ordinary as you can get in an ancient, abandoned village) until one particular patch of the woods stood out to him.

Amongst the bared trees and spots of evergreens, the Guardian of Fun noticed a collection of trees and thick branches over a near-perfect circle, all colored shades of red, yellow and brown. That had to be it. Why else would there be a splash of color in the place that was almost eternally winter?

Jack swooped down and landed in front of what he thought was the start of the canopy, only to find that it didn't envelop the same level of ground that he was currently frosting with the touch of his toes to the dead grass. She lived in a hole in the ground?

He leapt down through the cover of leaves and found the space beneath to be much more than it appeared to be. It was a tiny cove with a lake that was walled in with steep cliffs on every side. It was warmer underneath the branches than above and the foliage had been maintained with their natural greens, some just barely changing to match the variants above Jack's head. Wow, this place was beautiful! Jack would have never guessed that this would be the place that she lived.

His moment of awe was ceased when an annoyed voice sounded "What are you doing here?" Jack turned to find Henrika and Toothless behind him. The dragon was starting to growl and his trainer was very

clearly angry with the intrusion.

"I, uhâ€¦" Jack muttered "I came to apologize for, you know, crashing into you yesterday."

"Not for cutting my season short?" Henrika pried.

Jack paused, switching his weight from one foot to the other "That tooâ€¦ so, are we cool?"

She sucked in one of her cheeks and bobbed her head slightly, pondering her response "Sure." She actually cracked a smile. A small one, but she smiled nonetheless.

The smile made a bit of a difference inside of Jack. His stomach warmed at the sight of it, forcing his own lips to turn upward in response. Yesterday, he thought she was just a stick in the mud. Today, she had more life to her. It was like there was a different light on her, making her green eyes glow a bit brighter and allowing her muscles to relax, even just a little. Jack had never really thought this way about a girl before, butâ€¦ he thought that she looked really pretty when she smiled.

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><p>After his first encounter with her under the colorful canopy, Jack returned to her space of recluse whenever he found the time. After winter officially started, he was traveling everywhere to ensure that everywhere got its usual dosage of snow and, for that matter, snow days. But once in a while, he'd give the frozen particles of water a break and he'd have the wind whisk him off to Henrika's cove. After all, autumn had passed. Something had to entertain her, right?<p>

She was always happy to see Jack show up and spend some time with her. It wasn't every day that a spirit with the embodiment of a teenager found somebody that appeared the same age as they did themselves. Jack finally found someone that he could talk to without having that nagging feeling that still warned him about an age gap. Even though Henrika had been around for hundreds of years longer than Jack, their mutual youthful appearances were an assist to him. Sure, he loved speaking to North and Tooth and the other Guardians and spirits that Manny created. Even the groundhog was fun for Jack to hang out with; honestly, he didn't know why Bunny hated that guy so much. But there was something about finally talking to somebody who was also eternally young that allowed the two to get closer with every meeting.

Jack learned that Henrika was the daughter of a Viking chief in life, gifted in the blacksmith's shop and, most importantly, she was the first Viking to ever ride on a dragon's back. She told him that she downed Toothless with one of her inventions, causing his tail fin to be torn off, and she made him the replacement that still adorned his tail. Jack also discovered the reason that she lost her leg while saving her village from a monster sized dragon that they were dumb enough to attack. From what Jack managed to gather, she really did have a decent life. For a Viking, anyway. She was kind of sheltered because her dad was afraid she'd get killed. Maybe he was right to worry, if she died as young as Jack had.

Her island, which Henrika told him was called Berk, started popping back to life very slowly. Buds on the trees grew into thick blankets of leaves that actually made it harder to find the colorful shroud covering her secret place of solitude. He didn't even want to think about when the leaves would all be changing and falling throughout the rest of her island. Hopefully, he'd have the place memorized by then.

But something else was blooming along with the leaves and the other plants. Tension had been rising between the two of them for a few weeks now. It wasn't tension like what would occur after a fight, not even close. They never fought, merely friendly bickering when they found that their opinions differed on a subject. It was tension that stirred in Jack's stomach and commanded him to make the girl crack a smile, only for the swirling lava in his center to flare even more.

The plants were in full bloom when Jack finally decided to make his emotions known to her. He remembered that moment clear as day. Henrika's eyes widened and she balled a fist to her chest, signs that he thought were good ones. But he was proven wrong quickly when she made the excuse that she had to take Toothless for some exercise and not coming back at all. At least, not in the time Jack had stuck around.

It's needless to say that Jack was frustrated about that reaction. He was confused and angry and he had no clue where to go from there. Why didn't she just tell him that she didn't feel the same way?! She didn't have to blow him off like that! A simple "I don't like you that way; let's be friends" would have been good enough for him to get the message!

The two season spirits didn't see each other for a few weeks after that. Jack needed space to think and he just knew that Henrika needed the same. They eventually made up and started seeing each other again. But there was even more tension between them than before Jack made his confession.

Summer rolled around and Jack had hinted at wanting to discuss the topic again; just to find out why she turned him down so coldly. And each time he would find the question blocked out by her or she would change the subject as quickly as she could. All of this was really starting to irritate Jack to the greatest extent. He kept getting such weird feelings from all of this. Did she not like him anymore? Did he do something to make her hate him? He couldn't think of a reason for her to think that way; he'd never even pulled a prank on her unless they were already joking around. He treated her like a real friend, something that Jack hadn't practiced in centuries but watched evolve in that time.

So finally, at the end of Berk's incredibly short summer, he cornered her on the subject by frosting over her dragon's prosthetic tail to prevent an escape.

"I just want an answer." He calmly stated "Everything between us has been really awkward lately and I just want to try to fix it. Why'd you run away from me when I told you how I feel?"

Henrika sagged her shoulders "You really want to know, huh?"



"Yeah." Jack tossed up his arms in frustration "It kind of hurt to spill my guts to you and then watch you fly off like I grew a second head or something."

She bit her bottom lip and put her hands behind her back "Sorryâ€¦ Iâ€¦ I panickedâ€¦"

"How come?" Jack questioned "If you don't want this, it's cool."

"Jack, I really like you butâ€¦" She looked down at her feet "I just don't think I can."

"What do you mean?"

There was a long pause before she finally huffed "You know why I changed my name?" Jack shook his head. She sat and Jack followed suit "Because the girl that I was then isn't who I am now. And I don't want to remember her."

"Why?" Jack scooted closer.

Another sigh "When I was aliveâ€¦ my name was Hiccup." She looked at Jack out of the corner of her eye and saw an expression that was between being puzzled and ready to burst into laughter "Great name, I know. Parents believed that a hideous name would ward off gnomes and trolls." She chuckled "Funny how my people could look death in the face and not be scared, yet be terrified of the supernatural."

"Anyway," she continued "I lived a few more years after killing the Red Death. And, like everyone seems to at some pointâ€¦ I fell in love." A sad smile crept onto her lips "I'd crushed on him for so long before we started dating. He was just as stoic as my dad a lot of the time, but he knew how to show that he cared. My dad took him and a lot of the other warriors out to sea for awhile to solve a dispute an ally was involved in. He didn't know when he'd be back, but he told me that we'd get married when he did."

She sighed and her smile turned to a frown, fear forming in her grass green eyes "But the problem was bigger than they thought." Henrika pulled her knees to her chest "Thenâ€¦ there was an ambush. The ships of our enemies, the Outcasts, took advantage of a really thick fog one night and attacked our ships. Andâ€¦ he didn't survive; my dad was lucky to escape with his life too."

She sunk her head into her knees, then and her long locks of auburn hiding her face. Jack could only stare at her with sympathetic eyes. A war broke out and took her love away. And they almost took her only family, from what he understood. Somehow, he knew this story wasn't going to get any better from here.

Her body started to shudder "Then they invaded my village not long after. We were already weak from lost lives and others being hurt." She sniffled "I tried to escape with Toothlessâ€¦ go somewhere safeâ€¦ but we didn't stand a chance." Her sniffles turned into louder cries.

Toothless took the sounds as an opportunity to get as close to his rider as possible, nuzzling her head with the tip of his nose and

cooing at her. He was doing his best to comfort her, but it didn't seem to be working well. "When I woke up like this and got back to the village, everyone was gone. And the people who were dying in front of me couldn't see me." Her voice was muffled by cries and her legs blocking her mouth "Then I had to watch them destroy one village after another. And no one could see me anywhere I went. Maybe if I didn't run away, I could have done something. Or if I went with himâ€¦" Her voice gave out to sobs.

Jack got closer to her and slowly put an arm over her shoulders. He started to rub her back, not really knowing what else to do. "Everyone that I care about dies, Jack." She sobbed "All I do is get things killed."

"No, you don't." Jack reassured "Autumn isn't just the leaves turning brown and the air cooling down." She shifted her head only slightly, to look up at Jack "It makes room for new things to grow."

Henrika stared at him with one teary eye poking out of her veil of hair "Then what about winter?"

Jack smiled at her "That's my favorite subject." He beamed "To a lot of people, winter is just death. Because everything's cold, dark and bare. But it's more than that. It's a time to rest and get ready for spring to give new life. Everyone needs a break, don't you think?"

She nodded "I never thought of it like that."

Jack flashed her another snow white smile. A few minutes passed in silence, besides Henrika's sniffles, before the quiet was broken once more "What was his name?" Jack hesitantly asked "Yourâ€¦ boyfriend?"

Henrika lifted her head, showing puffy eyes and slight tear stains on her cheeks "Asher." She cracked.

"Alright." Jack's hand stopped stroking her back and stayed in place "Think of it this way. Asher might have been your autumnâ€¦ and the years you've been alone are your winter. Spring has to come at some point, right?" She nodded, rubbing her eyes with her sleeve "Do you think you'd like to try to make that happen?"

She looked down "I don't knowâ€¦"

"You know," Jack continued "One good thing about being immortal? It takes a lot more to kill us."

"Soâ€¦" He gave her a side glance "do you think we can try this?"

Henrika thought for a moment before nodding. Jack pulled her closer to him and wrapped his arms around her waist. She complied by putting her arms on his shoulders and her head nuzzled into his neck.

They sat in their embrace for a moment before Henrika shifted and she moved her head from Jack's shoulder. He looked at her to see her smiling at him "Thanks, Jack."

He pressed his smile onto hers "Noâ€¦ thank you."

End  
file.